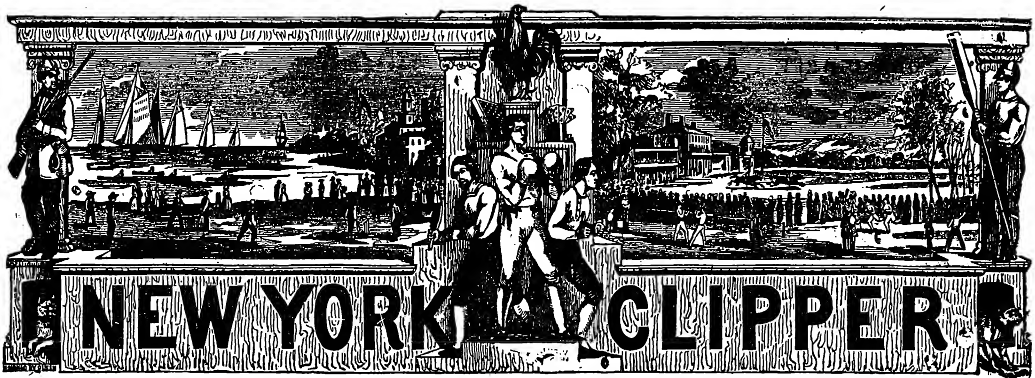

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MEMOIRS
OF
TOM SAYERS,
CHAMPION OF ENGLAND;
ALSO, THE
BATTLES OF ALL HIS ANTAGONISTS.

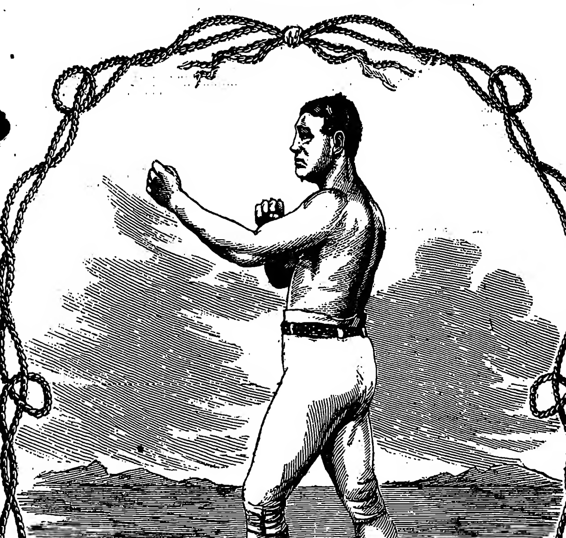
NOTHING but a thirst of power first m[illegible] conquerors; the desire of quiet possession [illegible] these men to exterminate the first po[illegible] both together rendered the agents employed in such aggrandisements, ferocious, and blood-thirsty. They carried into private life the same notions of physical force, and the desire to annihilate opposition by death; nor was it until generations had passed away, that the inhabitants of countries so obtained, settled down into the peaceful habits of domestic or social life; for man is naturally gregarious, and the lover of his species.

The sports of the field, and the destruction of animals considered noxious, or those requisite for the table, constituted the sole enjoyment of our forefathers; but the introduction [illegible] foreign luxuries, and the consequent amass[illegible]nt of wealth and show, brought with them [illegible]ide and contumely, that descended to the lowest paths of life. Qualities these which are proud spirits say *must be repressed;* for the bare exhibition of newly-got riches, and the assumption of superiority, which, having no *personal* existence, is only to be found in those possessions, is an insult upon common sense.

Austere *looks* from old acquaintance, or neighbors newly elevated, and offensive *words*, not to call them opprobrious, begat the desire of retaliation; and the ready means being in every man's *hands*, a box on the *ear*, or on the *eye*, seems to point out the most appropriate mode of retaliating immediately upon the offended organs of sense. This appears to us the way in which the *row* began, which has since obtained the term *boxing;* a word derived from *a box*, which may be supposed to contain the rich moveables that caused the pride and offensive actions of the person so *boxed*. But in whatever way its origin may be argued and settled, no doubt exists of boxing, as an art, being entirely English; the English are, confessedly, a proud and boisterous race; hard to control, impatient of restraint, lovers of liberty individually, but anxious to command and control others. Hence the commanding aspect, the voice of authority, the love of law, the enormous increase of statutes, the admiration of prize boxers and boxing, the despication of malice, the absence of assassination, the prevalence of athletic exercises and manly sports; hence the generous mind that is trained to a true and dignified investigation of all those topics, and more—and hence the general desire for information thereon, which has led to the present Memoir.

This ornament of the Modern School of Boxers, and now Champion of England, first saw the light in the year 1826; he was born at Pimlico, near Brighton, Sussex, and for several years carried on the trade of a Bricklayer. In his youth, every moment he could possibly spare was devoted to athletic pursuits—boxing and wrestling were his favorite pleasures; his school books were laid aside for the more congenial pleasure of participating in a fight or a wrestling match, from which it was impossible to wean him; and, when missed, Tom was sure to be found in the contiguous fields, surrounded by a herd of boys, exercising his pugilistic powers, with a pair of old stockings wrapped round his hands in lieu of gloves, or contending for the fall with any boy who had the temerity to dispute his prowess in the art of wrestling. The fame he had acquired among his companions soon became general, and he was held in fear and admiration, even by those who exceeded him in years and corporeal powers. A love of science, and a regular method of sparring and fighting, distinguished his early efforts, and gave evident indications of his future eminence, till a general mastership of all his competitors gave him confidence for higher flights.

It was not, however, till the 19th of March, 1849, that he took to milling as a profession, when he displayed much talent as a novice, being opposed to height, reach and weight.



TOM SAYERS, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND,

SHORT BUT MERRY MILL
BETWEEN
Tom Sayers, of Brighton, and Aby Couch, of Camden Town,
For £5 a Side,
ON MONDAY, THE 19TH OF MARCH, 1840.

This affair, although for a very small sum, had caused a deal of interest in the locality (Camden Town) where both the combatants resided, and amongst the small fry of that district a grand day was expected, for both heroes of the present mill had shown symptoms of great promise, Sayers by licking all who performed before him, and Couch, in consequence of his size, and winning two battles, it was thought by his fellow-workmen that he would one day have a niche in the Pugilistic Gallery of Portraits. The assumption of Sayers was deemed a farce, when some of his pals offered to back him against Couch; however, matched they were, and in time both appeared in the ring, which was pitched on a bit of ground where many a hard-fought battle had been won and lost—viz, Greenhithe. The men and their friends repaired thither by railway to North Woolwich, and from thence to the scene of action by little boats. Neither of the men was restricted to weight, but Sayers was not more than 9 stone 12 pounds, or 10 stone at the most, while Couch was at least 12 stone, and stood 5 feet 11 inches, while Sayers was but 5 feet 8 inches. There was very little betting, but what was done was 7 to 4, and 2 to 1 on the big one. The lads lost no time in getting ready. Sayers was the first to shy his cap in the magic circle, and was waited on by the late John Grady (who once fought Norely) and Collins; while Croney, of Paddington, and a friend done the essential for Couch. All being now ready, exactly at 20 minutes to three, commenced

THE FIGHT.

ROUND 1.—On putting themselves into attitude, the disparity of size was more visible; Sayers looking rather glum, while Couch had all the confidence of an old stager. Little time was lost in sparring on the part of Couch, who had made up his mind to rush at Sayers, and settle him in quick time; however, Tom was not to be got at, and when Couch made his rush, Sayers met him with a severe hit on the right eye, and got away, laughing. *First blood for Sayers.* A sharp rally then took place, which brought them to close quarters, in which Tom fibbed his antagonist very cleverly, and in the end both were down, Couch undermost.

2. Couch came up flushed from the in-fighting of the last round, and could not understand it; while Sayers was as cool as a cucumber. Tom feinted him, and drawing Couch on, who let go, but much out of distance. Sayers, with quickness, returned bang on the nose, heavy counter hits followed, which brought them to a close, and Couch held Tom, who seemed at a tangle how to extricate himself from so strong a grasp; however, by great tact, Tom shifted himself a little, and succeeded in throwing Couch very cleverly, and Tom walked to his corner.

3. On time being called, Sayers was the first up, and the shouts of the bricklayers was uproarious at their pet's performance. 2 to 1 was now freely offered on Sayers, who coolly watched his man, feinted him, and tried to plant his favorite right fork; this led to some sharp in-fighting, and Sayers got home on the right eye. Couch now followed him up and missed Tom; they now got a little closer, and Sayers knocked him down by a heavy right-hander on the jaw. *First knock down blow for Sayers.*

4. Tom made play with his left on the right lump, which was now fast closing. Couch persevered, and Tom, who was almost without a mark, caught him again on the nose, and sent him all abroad.

5. Couch came up gamely, bleeding from the nose, and his right eye all but blind. He dashed in to make a last struggle, and napped a stinger in the ribs, and dropped from exhaustion.

6 and last. Tom came up gaily, dodged his man who came towards him, but it was all over, he seemed very groggy from the rapid fighting and the severe punishment he had received in so short a time. "Take him away," was the cry from all parts of the ring, but the poor fellow would not hear to it; he turned round to his seconds and tried in vain to say it was all right. His chump was horribly disfigured. The game fellow tried to land one, and Tom gave him the finishing touch by a severe hit on the nose. On his second taking him up he was dead to the call of time, and Tom was the winner in 12 minutes and 28 seconds.

REMARKS.

As is often the case, "there is a time and tide in the affairs of men, which, if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," and Sayers dates his success in life from this fight, being comparatively a novice and never having seen a prize ring before, while his adversary was twice before crowned with victory. Sayers in this, his maiden effort, proved himself too quick and severe in his delivery for Couch, to afford him a chance, therefore remarks are almost unnecessary—Sayers' debut was a credit to him, and the fight was one of the best that had been seen for some time; a gamer chap than Couch never doffed a shirt, while Sayers' gameness at that day could not be spoken of, as he received nothing in the fight to test it. His friends were so satisfied with him, that he received the whole of the stakes, while the loser was not forgotten for his courage and manly conduct throughout.

CAREER OF COUCH, weight 11st. 10lb.

Beat Jack Sullivan for a Purse, 14 rounds, 1 hour 55 minutes, Copenhagen Fields, January 12th, 1846.

Beat Harry Conolly, £5 aside, 9 rounds, 23 minutes, Plumstead Marshes, June 17th, 1848.

Beaten by Sayers.

Whoever persuaded Sayers to prefer an old good one for his trial battle (or *debut* in the ring) was in the right, for Couch was in the primest state of health, was known to be a glutton and a game 'un, but did not turn out to be so clever as was thought by his friends when opposed to superior science and hardy youth. It was at this fight that some of the fancy were puzzled, charmed and astonished at Tom's performance, and he only required to be drawn into notice by some friendly hand, to give *eclat* to his name, and afford him an opportunity to distinguish himself like other pugilists. Tom now was eagerly sought after, and frequently challenged, but did not answer any, as he could not get the money up for training, colors, &c. This he explained to an old sportsman at Camden-town, one Mr. Viddler, who on the instant told Tom to make any match he chose from £5 to £25. Tom did so, and in time was matched against Dan Collins, with what success our readers will shortly know. Mr. Viddler had long known Peter Crawley, and Tom Sayers was placed by him in the hands of Peter, and never was master more proud of his pupil than Peter was of his, and after the first encounter of Sayers and Collins, Jack Macdonald predicted that Tom would be a star in the pugilistic hemisphere, for his gameness of bringing the fight to a draw with a severely damaged hand has never been equalled in the annals of pugilism.—[To be continued.

WHAT THE GREAT AMERICAN HORSE TAMER THINKS OF BLINKERS.

HAVING been requested to give my opinion in regard to the use of "blinkers" on horses, and believing it to be a subject in which the general public are interested, I take great pleasure in stating that all my experience with and observation of horses proves clearly to me that blinkers should not be used, and that the sight of the horse, for many reasons, should not be interfered with in any way. Horses are only fearful of objects which they do not understand or are not familiar with, and the eye is one of the principal mediums by which this understanding and this familiarity are brought about.

The horse, on account of his very amiable nature, can be made in the course of time to fear almost anything in any shape, but there is a quicker process of reaching his intelligence than that of wearing it into him through his skin and bones; and he, however wild or nervous, can be taught in a very short time to understand and not to fear any object, however frightful in appearance. Horses can be broken in less time and better without blinkers; but horses that have always worn them will notice the sudden change, and must be treated carefully the first drive. After that they will drive better without the blinkers than with.

I have proved by my own experiments that a horse broken without blinkers can be driven past any omnibus, cab or carriage, on a parallel line as close as it is possible for him to go, without every wavering or showing any disposition to dodge. I have not, in the last eight or ten years constantly handling horses both wild and nervous, ever put blinkers on any of them, and in no case have I ever had one that was afraid of the carriage he drew behind him or of those he passed in the streets.

The horse's eye is the life and beauty of the animal as well as the index of his emotions. It tells the driver, in the most impressive characters, what the horse's feelings are. By it he can tell the first approach of fear in time to meet any difficulty; he can tell if he is happy or sad, hungry or weary. The horse, too, when permitted to see, uses his eyes with great judgment. He can measure distances with his eyes better than we can, and, if allowed free use of them, would often save himself by the quickness of his sight from collisions when the driver would fail to do so by a timely pull of the reins. It would also save many accidents to pedestrians in the streets, as no horse will run on to any person that he can see. Blinkers are rapidly going out of use in the United States, and some of my early pupils here have successfully dispensed with them. I have yet to find the man who having once left them off could ever be persuaded to put them on again. They are unnecessary, and an injurious incumberance to the horse, and I feel confident, if the cabmen of London will leave them off one year, that blinkers on cab horses will never be seen again in the streets, and will only be a thing to be read of as one of the follies happily reformed in the nineteenth century. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

J. S. RAREY.

TATTERSALL'S, July 23, 1858.

MORE PRODIGIES OF NATURE.—A correspondent from Michigan Bluffs, in noticing the account of a numerous litter (seventeen in number) which Petaluma claims as more than surpassing strange, sends us the following: "Petaluma can hide its head, and back clean down. A Scotchman named McConnell, who will be remembered by all the boys from Rochester, N. Y., owned a slut, which gave birth to *twenty one* living pups. The slut was a cross of the pure Newfoundland and St. Bernard, and a monster in size. I saw the pups with my own eyes, and had the pleasure of taking my pick. In the same city a mare gave birth to a colt perfectly formed, except the head, which had a strong resemblance to the human species. It is perhaps unnecessary to state that the "monstrosity" was "strangled in its birth." There was also on (private) exhibition a lamb with one body, two heads, six legs and two tails. The last I did not see, but am told by reliable persons "it am a fact.""

LATER SPORTS ABROAD.

(From Bell's Life, Aug. 15.)

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

Aug. 17.—Lynch and Sullivan—£20 to £23, London.
[illegible]—Martin and King—£40 a side, Liverpool.
Sept. 21.—Brettle and Brown's Novice—£100 a side, London.
21.—Bruce and Bell—£15 a side, London.
[illegible] and Keen—£15 a side, London.
Oct. [illegible] and Thomas—£15 a side, London.
[illegible] and Leech—£10 a side, Cheltenham.
[illegible]—Norton and Sullivan—£15 a side, London.

FIGHT FOR TUESDAY NEXT.

Lynch and Sullivan.—Charley Lynch (the American) and Jack Sullivan are to fight for £45 on Tuesday, Lynch staking £25 to £20. They are confined to 8st. Both lads are known game ones, and a rattling mill may be expected.

FIGHT BETWEEN
Bodger Crutchley of Birmingham, and Bos Tyler of London,
FOR £50 A SIDE.

This pugilistic tourney took place on Tuesday, without let or hindrance. In referring to the antecedents of the combatants we may briefly state that Bos Tyler, who has for several years been associated with the London P. R., has of late become very popular among the East End Fancy, in consequence of his winning two or three battles in a manner that redounded greatly to his credit as a pugilist. By the result of these mills Tyler gained the reputation of a clever and skilful tactician, and although his warmest partisans never considered him to be a "kill devil," still from the manner in which he disposed of Topper Brown of Leicester, George Crockett, &c., they were induced to think more highly of his milling qualifications than they had hitherto done. Bodger Crutchley is a chip from a Brummagem block; his only appearance prior to the present occasion in the London Ring was with Sam Millard, whom he defeated with all possible ease. The Brum went into training under the care of Jem Hodgkiss, and all that skill and attention could suggest was done to bring him out in tip-top condition. Tyler also paid the strictest attention to his training duties, and we think it would have been impossible for any man to have been fitter than he was. According to agreement, the combatants had to scale on Monday, at Harry Brunton's, the George and Dragon, Beech-street, Barbican, where both men were under the 9st 10lb. Tyler was made the favorite at 12 to 8. Arrangements had been made for an aquatic trip, and after a pleasant voyage the ring was formed by the commissary on a well selected spot. Crutchley, on entering the ring, had for his seconds Jem Hodgkiss and Sam Simmonds. Tyler, on stepping within the ropes, was greeted with deafening cheers, and had in attendance Harry Brunton and Jemmy Welsh. The spectators, from one source and another, now mustered more than a thousand strong, and while the combatants were making ready, Billy Duncan, the inspector, with his assistants, cleared the inner ring, which before the contest commenced was got in splendid order—order, however, which was not maintained throughout, although Duncan and Mallett exerted themselves to the utmost. The toss for choice of corners was won by Crutchley, who at once let his antagonist have all the benefit of old Sol, which was blazing away overhead like a furnace. Round the ring the betting was of a most spirited description, 20 to 16 being the current odds. On stripping each man showed in splendid form, particularly Bos, who could not possibly have been better, there not being an ounce of superfluous flesh visible; he had also the advantage of being taller, longer in the reach, and likewise a bigger made man at the weight than his opponent. His great drawback is, however, the loss of his right lamp, he having been minus this optic since the commencement of his career. Crutchley is a fine built, powerful young man, twenty-four years of age. There was some difficulty in selecting a referee, this office being at length undertaken by Dan Dismore. By twenty minutes past two o'clock all the preliminaries had been adjusted.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Both were cautious; the Brum tried to draw his man, but Bos was armed at all points, and with agility counter-checked all his movements. In attempting to plant the left, Bodger went out of distance, and as he went dashing in Tyler broke away. After some little manœuvring, Crutchley again tried to land the left, but was artistically stopped, when Bos opened fire with a shot on the nob. As he retreated, Bodger followed, and both did execution in a pretty counter. A close at the ropes, and both down in a harmless fall.

2. Tyler, in leading, was not quite within distance, but in a second attempt he succeeded in getting home with precision, and as the Brum attempted a return, broke ground. After a slight pause they again went to work, Bodger with his left administering on the neck. Tyler returned the compliment left and right, when the Brum went down.

3. Bos with the left planted a stinger on the head, when Bodger, as his man retreated, followed up, and in some well-delivered exchanges both got home on the upper works. In a rally, they fought to a close, when the Brum, getting from his antagonist, slipped down in the middle of the ring.

4. Tyler delivered the left on the nob. As he retreated, Crutchley followed, when Bos was again busy on the dial. In getting close to his opponent, Tyler made an attempt to "hug," when the Brum, in getting away, slipped down.

5. In some splendid counters Bos got full on to his opponent's proboscis, which produced the claret immediately. In a rally, Bodger fought gamely with his antagonist, doing some apparent execution on the nob, and in the fall both went down.

6. Tyler, after getting his man well within distance, let fly with the right and left, when Crutchley, after making a scrambling effort to return, slipped down.

7. The Brum, in lunging out, slipped and fell upon his hands; on the instant he recovered his equilibrium and renewed the battle. After some well administered exchanges they got to the ropes, when Bos caught him round the waist, and in the fall both went down.

8. After some skilful manœuvring, Bos closed with his opponent, and after a sharp struggle threw him heavily. [Loud cheers from the lads of the East.]

9. On coming up, the men stood looking at each other, but at length Bodger opened the ball by dashing out the left, which was well stopped. After again feinting and breaking ground, the men exchanged heavily and closed, when Bos threw his man a splendid back fall.

10. Tyler planted the left slightly on the head, and as Bodger followed up they got together near the ropes, when both went down.

11. Bos administered a severe left-hander in the middle of the head, and got cleverly away before his antagonist could return. After a pause they again got to work, when Bos once more delivered on the head, which the Brum, who was near the ropes, slipped, and Bos fell over him.

12. Tyler popped the left on the knowledge-box. The blow, though well-delivered, did not appear to possess any stinging severity, for it certainly did not make the least impression. As Bos retreated he was followed by Bodger, who planted the left near the good peeper, which made the friends of Tyler look extremely long. In a rally the men got to the ropes, when in the struggle both went down, Crutchley being under.

13. Bodger, on commencing the attack, delivered a good left-hander on his man's peeper, when Bos dashed at him, and Bodger fell.

14. Tyler made a lunge at his opponent, when the Brum, in attempting to get away, slipped and fell.

15. In some well-executed exchanges Bodger again planted on the good eye, receiving it in return on the middle of the head. As Bos broke away the Brum followed, and in fine counters the men again got home, doing execution on the cheek, while Bos administered the cayenne on the top part of the head. In a close they struggled for the fall, both went down.

16. Sharp exchanges, all in favor of Tyler, who, on getting from his opponent, slipped and fell on his knees.

17. Tyler planted the left on the nob, and in a harmless rally the combatants got to the ropes, when Bodger, to prevent closing with his antagonist, broke ground and went down.

18. After manœuvring and counter manœuvring, the combatants exchanged heavily, Bos getting on the top part of the cranium, Bodger on the left cheek. In a rally they fought to the middle of the ring, when the Brum went down.

19. Bodger, in his impetuosity, slipped and fell, but he was instantly up and renewed the fighting. In the exchanges they closed, when the Brum was thrown heavily on the shoulder.

20. This was a good round. Bos again and again in the counter-hitting got home on his adversary's mug, and in the close Crutchley was thrown a heavy back fall.

21. After a little sparring, Bos, in an artistic manner, administered a thwack with the left, and dashed at his man for the purpose of repeating the dose. The Brum broke ground, and in doing so slipped and fell.

22. Tyler delivered a lefthander on the head, but in return nailed a smart hit from the Brum on the good lamp. As Crutchley shifted his position, Tyler followed, and after weaving to within distance, countered splendidly. A pause. Neither man at the scratch. Again they go to work, both getting well on in some fine exchanges. A close at the ropes near Bodger's corner, and he under in a heavy fall.

23. After manœuvring all over the ring, Bos let fly, and planted the left slightly on the head, Crutchley countering in good style. In breaking away both lost the balance of power, and, in attempting to save themselves from falling, went down.

24. Tyler, in leading, planted a pretty lefthander, when Bodger, after making a return, went down.

25. In some well-administered exchanges, Bodger got heavily on the left cheek, Bos doing execution in the middle of the head. On breaking away, Bodger retreated to his corner, and went down.

27. Bos on the head with the left, Crutchley also doing execution; but although these blows were unquestionably well delivered, still they did not appear to have any steam in them. Tyler, in the close, got his adversary in an awkward position, lifted him from the ground by sheer strength, and gave him a back fall.

28. The Brum, in opening the ball, hit short, but in another attempt succeeded in giving one on the brain canister. As he shifted his position, Bos followed, and after some slight exchanges, Crutchley fell.

29. Crutchley lunged out, but was not within distance, and after receiving a slight thwack from his opponent, he went down, and on being taken to his corner appeared weak.

30. Tyler on getting from his opponent's attack nearly went down, but recovering his perpendicular on the instant, he went to work sharp and well-delivered exchanges to a close, the Brum under in the fall.

31. Slight exchanges, and Tyler down. On being taken to his corner Bos appeared to be getting "queer," for his seconds were more than extra busy in their attendance.

32. Crutchley home with the right and left. Bos returned with spirit, and as a finish, the Brum, in breaking away, went down on his hands and knees.

33. Tyler recovered, and was the first at the scratch. After some slight and unimportant exchanges, they closed and went down.

34. As Crutchley opened fire Bos retreated, and went down. An appeal of foul was made to the referee, but it was not admitted.

35. In the counter hitting Bos got on prettily with his left, but as his antagonist dashed at him he went down in a very suspicious manner.

36. Slight exchanges, when the Brum in getting away from his antagonist went down, Bos falling on him.

37. A spirited rally, in which the combatants fought in all parts of the ring, when Bos threw his man near the ropes.

In our description of the contest we have given the rounds up to a point where they possessed the slightest interest, for those afterwards fought were many of them of a most contemptible character, and any further detail would be quite superfluous. Tyler, to the surprise of his friends, now commenced resorting to his old practice of dropping, and the appeals to the referee became most unpleasantly frequent. At length at the 57th round, Bos again went down in such a deliberate manner that the referee, on being again appealed to, declared Crutchley to be the winner, the battle having lasted one hour and thirty-seven minutes.

REMARKS.

The result of this contest greatly surprised the backers of Tyler; and well it might, for there can be no doubt that, had it not been for his want of pluck, he could have won with the greatest ease, for in all points he was infinitely superior to his antagonist, being both a quicker hitter, better fighter, and likewise a finer wrestler. From the commencement of the battle, and with trifling variation, he maintained the lead throughout; and, with all these advantages in his favor, it does appear to be almost impossible that a man should allow himself to be defeated from mere cowardice. Crutchley certainly did get on to his good peeper, but still not with any stinging severity, for, on the conclusion of the battle, Tyler showed but very light punishment about the head. If he lost this contest on its merits, then we can only say that Bos has disentitled himself to the confidence of his friends, and is not likely again to be matched. On the ground many persons were of opinion that he did not mean to win, but whether this was really the case we do not know, as we have not been able to fathom the "secret;" but should this turn out to be the correct reading of the "rule," it is even more dishonorable to him as a pugilist and a man, than the want of courage. The prevailing opinion, however, was that he was beaten on his merits, and that he lost the battle from sheer cowardice. Crutchley is a winner, but we beg him to bear in mind that he has still much to learn, for his hitting is by no means effective, neither is he a good wrestler, both of which are essential points. He is, however, in good hands, and there can be no doubt that he will much improve ere he again appears within the ropes. He left the ring with but few marks of punishment. The fight, on the whole, did not come within the category of good, or even indifferent mills—it had not one recommending feature.

Since writing the above we have been credibly informed that Tyler last week went to one of his backers and offered to lose the battle, provided the latter would back Crutchley. The proposition, we are told, was rejected with disdain, and Tyler received orders to do his best to win. Whether this statement can be substantiated remains to be seen, and should it turn out to be true there can be no doubt that Tyler's name will be removed from the association; but we trust, for his own credit's sake, it can be proved that he has not added dishonesty to his other failings.

FIGHT BETWEEN
Joseph Nolan of Birmingham and Geo. Henley of London,
FOR £25 A SIDE.

No sooner had the excitement in some degree subsided than preparations were made for the decision of the passage of arms between these game fellows. On entering the ring Henley had behind him Jemmy Welsh and Harry Brunton, while Hodgkiss and another Brum did the requisite for Nolan, who was the favorite, his friends freely laying 6 to 4. Nolan has fought twice prior to Tuesday in the provinces; while Henley is the same lad who some short time back defeated Fishcatcher. Nolan is now twenty years of age, and a gamer or better little boxer never entered the Ring; indeed he is unquestionably the best Brum of his weight that has appeared in the London Ring for a long period. He, like Crutchley, was trained by Jem Hodgkiss of Birmingham, and in condition was all the most critical of judges could possibly desire. Henley had been also carefully trained, and was in first-rate condition, though of the two he hardly looked so fresh as the Brum. In weight the combatants were confined to 8st. 10lb., and on Monday they went to scale at Jemmy Welsh's, the Griffin, Church street, Borough, when both were found to be well within the prescribed limits.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Immediately on putting themselves in attitude they went to work, both getting home effectively on the head in some telling exchanges. In a rally they closed, when both went down. *First blood* was allowed to Nolan, the ruby flowing from Henley's nose.

2. As Henley went dashing in he was met with a well administered one, two, on the nob, and in the close Nolan caught him round the neck and they fell. Henley under in the fall.

3. The Brum, with precision and rapidity, planted his left on the nob, and repeated the dose with one from the right. Henley, in the returns, planted on his man heavily, and, in breaking ground, slipped and went down; as he was falling he received another right-hander.

4. Nolan opened the attack with a well delivered shot from the left. Henley went dashing at him; in a merry round the combatants fought to a close, and in a struggle both went down.

5. Henley, with much impetuosity, went dashing at his man, Nolan meeting the rush with a splendid left-hander. The exchanges that followed were of a telling description, the Brum unquestionably having the best of the hitting. In a rally they closed and fell.

6. This was a magnificent round. In leading, the Brum got well on the brain canister, but napped it in return on the top part of the head. As Nolan broke, Henley followed with the utmost impetuosity, and forced the fighting. The exchanges were of a very severe character, and in the fall both went down, Henley under.

7. Nolan, in taking the initiative, planted the left and right full in the middle of the head. Henley was by no means idle, doing good execution in the counter-hitting. In a spirited rally the belligerents got to the ropes, and in the fall Henley was under.

8. Henley, with true bulldog courage, went dashing at his man, and after some fine exchanges, all in favor of the Brum, they closed and went down.

9. Again the little warriors came up, and again they rallied to it with undiminished pluck and determination. Nolan, with the left and right, planted full on his man's dial, Henley in the exchanges doing execution on his adversary's cranium. In a plucky rally they fought to the ropes, when Henley went down.

10. Another fine round. The clever Brum gave an eyeopener with the left, and followed up with a fine shot from the right. George broke ground, but this change of position brought on a corresponding movement on the part of Nolan. Ding, dong, both men home with force, but though each staggered from the effects of the hitting, still they again went at it, and in the end went down together.

11. Henley, as usual, went in to force fighting, and again received heavily on the head. Not to be denied he pegged away, and, for little 'one, the counter-hitting was terrific, Henley, however, having the lion's share of punishment. In a close they struggled for the fall, and both went down in the middle of the ring.

12. Henley, on coming up, went dashing at his man, and in the exchanges received heavily on the head. In a splendid rally the belligerents fought to a close, when, after some fine fibbing, they went down near the ropes.

13. Henley dashed out the left, but was not within distance. Nolan immediately returned the compliment, getting the left and right well on the nob. George with unyielding resolution fought with his man in all parts of the ring, and in the fall Nolan was under.

14. Henley, with a half spring, tried to make his left, but was not up to the mark. As Nolan retreated he followed, the exchanges being of a telling nature. In a fine rally the combatants fought with great resolution to a close, and in the fall Henley was under.

15. Three times in rapid succession did Nolan deliver on the head. Henley for a moment appeared bothered, and broke, but was followed by the Brum. Near the ropes they went to work, when, after some fine exchanges, in which Henley got none the worst of it, they closed and went down.

16. After some little manœuvring there was an exchange of slogging counters; and in the fall both went down near the ropes.

17. Nolan in splendid style delivered the right and left on the head, and, in a rally, they fought to a close. The Brum in the struggle got his man in an awkward position, gave him a couple of facers, and went down. Henley, though he had been receiver-general, was taken to his corner laughing.

18. Desperate two-handed fighting round the ring. Henley, when near the ropes, delivered the right on the body, and went to grass.

19. Another rattling bout. As Henley came dashing impetuously at his man, Nolan opened fire, the exchanges being both rapid and effective, Henley doing execution on the left listener. The Brum, nothing daunted, followed his man up as he retreated, and, after some hard fighting, both went down.

20. Rattling exchanges, in favor of the Brum, and in the fall both down.

21. Both men fought desperately in a rally to the ropes, and, in struggling for the fall, went down.

22. The men fought with wonderful resolution to a close, when the Brum was first to salute mother earth.

23. More desperate fighting. The game and unflinching Henley, with his usual impetuosity, went dashing at his man, when the Brum planted on him splendidly. After a spirited rally both went down.

24. Henley planted a rib-roaster on the body, but napped the ginger on his nob in return. Front to front the combatants fought round the ring, and in the close both went down.

25. Clipping exchanges to a close, and the Brum under in the fall.

26. The punishment was evidently telling effect on Henley, and on going up he hit out wildly. Nolan administered some more cayenne, and in the fall both went down.

27. Henley, pulling himself together, went dashing in, and, in a rally, fought desperately with his antagonist. The hitting was all in favor of Nolan, who got home splendidly on the head, and in the fall Henley was under.

28. Nolan, with a flash hit on the jaw, knocked his man down.

29. The Brum home with the left on the head; Henley, in return, went dashing in, and, after some sharp exchanges, they closed and went down.

30 and last. The hitting all in favor of Nolan, who threw his man heavily. Henley was game enough and ready enough to continue the contest, although he had not the least chance of success, for he was out-fought and out-generaled at all points, and his seconds, seeing that it would be useless to prolong the contest, threw the sponge up in token of submission, the contest having lasted exactly 33 minutes. Henley, though a loser, is deserving the highest consideration from all who admire true courage, and we are confident that such a thorough good little man will not be forgotten. That success did not crown his efforts is no fault of his, for no man could have fought in a more determined manner. Nolan fought this battle with astonishing tact and judgment, and it is no more than his due to say that he will be a clipper indeed, of his weight, size, and inches, who can in the P. R. make him strike his flag. The Brums may well be proud of him, for he is unquestionably one of the best little men they have brought out for years. The sport over, all once more got on board, and after a pleasant voyage returned to the metropolis, which was safely reached by half-past nine o'clock P. M.

Gilbert and Freeman.—A fight took place on Wednesday, down the river, between Tough Gilbert and Freeman, (the American,) Tough Gilbert being waited upon by Dan Collins and Mike Madden, while Jack Hicks and a friend did the needful for Freeman. The battle lasted 40 minutes, during which time 37 rounds were fought, when Gilbert was proclaimed the victor. The mill was anything but first-rate.

Brettle and Brown's Novice.—Another deposit of £10 a side for this match was made at Dan Dismore's last week.

Mike Madden has now found backers to match him for £100 against Bob Travers, on his covering the deposit left with us.

Death of Jack Hazeltine.—This pugilist expired of consumption on Tuesday last, after much suffering. He was in great distress, and has left a wife, who is also in great poverty. She has received £3 from the funds of the association towards his funeral, but as that will not nearly cover the necessary outlay, it is to be hoped some of his early friends will come forward to lend her support in the hour of need.

AQUATICS.

ROYAL THAMES NATIONAL REGATTA.

The interest which this important event always creates in aquatic circles, was as deep and intense this year as on any previous anniversary. It came off on the river Thames, on Tuesday, the 10th ult., in the presence of some thousands of spectators. The races commenced at half-past 1 o'clock, with the

SCULLER'S RACE,

Open to all the world, for prizes value £70.—First boat £10, second £5, third £4, fourth £1.

FIRST HEAT.

Robert Chambers, Newcastle	Green	1
George Drewett, Chelsea	Black	2

A walk over, owing to the absence of Stephen Salter, of Wandsworth, Redknap, of Richmond, and Dare, of Fulham.

SECOND HEAT.

Richard Piner, Hammersmith	Red and Blue	1
J. Snell, Hampton	Blue and White	2
Frederick Lett, Lambeth	White and Green	3

Another walk over, Hammerton, of Teddington, White, Bermondsey, and Woodland, of Lambeth, not coming to their posts. The latter could not procure his colors in time, consequently it was determined that he should row in the final heat with the worst station.

FINAL HEAT.

Chambers	1	Snell	4
Drewett	2	Woodland	0
Piner	3	Lett	0

This was a race which would do credit to any regatta, although it was alleged that Chambers did not at all exert himself. It was rowed down from Hammersmith to Putney. The race was won after a capital struggle with Drewett, who was only beaten by the hardy north country man by a boat's length.

WATERMEN'S APPRENTICES' RACE,

For a coat, badge, freedom, and money prizes, amounting to £31; first boat coat, badge, freedom, and £1; second £5; third, £1; fourth, £1. Although merely among apprentices, this is a race which creates much interest, as men from all parts of the river are permitted to come together without reference to the time served; and it is this race which, with others of a similar description, produces so many good men. The prizes are the annual gift of the Thames Subscription Club.

FIRST HEAT.

Samuel Beckett, Fulham	Red	1
J. Wise, Kew	White	2
Charles Maynard, Nine Elms	Black	0
Henry Phelps, Fulham	Green	0

SECOND HEAT.

Edward Bell, Richmond	Blue	1
Edward Eager, Chelsea	Yellow	2
Arthur Fricker, Essex Stairs	Green and Black	0

THIRD HEAT.

W. Hemmings, Richmond	Blue and White	1
Henry Snell, Hampton	Green and Red	2
Charles Brown, Richmond	Blue and Yellow	0
J. Conolly, Limehouse	White and Green	0
Richard Groves, Thames Bank	Red and Black	0

FINAL HEAT.

Bell	1	Eager	4
Wise	2	Snell	0
Hemmings	3	Beckett	0

This was one of the finest races in the regatta.

PAIR-OARED RACE.

Open to the world.—First boat £19; second, £6; third, £1; fourth, £2. In one heat.

George Hammerton and George Francis, Teddington	Black	1
Thomas White, Bermondsey, Stephen Salter, Wandsworth	White	2
Robert Bain, Lambeth, and George Driver, Wandsworth	Red	3

CHAMPION FOUR-OARED RACE.

Open to the world, for £185.—First boat, £100; second, £70; third, £10; fourth, £5.

FIRST HEAT.

The Hammersmith Crew.—1. George Green; 2. Richard Piner; 3. Thomas Hoare; 4. William Pearce, William Hoare (cox)	Red	1
The Richmond Crew.—1. George Driver; 2. Robert Bain; 3. Edward Bell; 4. Robert Chambers, Samuel Peters (cox)	Black	2
The Friendly Trial Crew.—1. H. Styles; 2. D. Sims; 3. Wm. Mancey; 4. Wm. Styles (cox)	Green	0
The Western Crew.—1. George Bullen; 2. Thomas Rust; 3. Charles Gibson; 4. Thomas Wolmcraft, William Brazier (cox)	White	0

SECOND HEAT.

The Pride of the Thames Crew.—1. G. Francis; 2. S. Salter; 3. T. White; 4. G. Hammerton; J. Driver (cox)	Blue	1
The Newcastle and Manchester Crew.—1. James Taylor; 2. Jas. Openshaw; 3. E. Williamson; 4. M. Taylor, T. Harrison (cox)	Yellow	2
The Sandsmen Crew.—1. Jas. Holder; 2. G. Wright; 3. J. Goodrich; 4. F. Robinson, W. Frazier (cox)	Green and Black	0

The regatta was to have terminated with the final heat of this great race, but on arriving at the starting place (Chiswick Eyot), it was found that no buoys were laid down, besides which there was a dispute as to whether Richmond was to row or not, and as no communications were made to the umpire direct from the committee, he ordered the race to be rowed on the following day.

FINAL HEAT.

Pride of the Thames Crew	1	Richmond Crew	4
Hammersmith Crew	2	Friendly Trial Crew	0
Newcastle & Manchester Crew	3		

On Wednesday afternoon large numbers flocked to the scene of action to witness the deciding heat. Despite the result of the second heat, on the day before, Manchester were still the favorites with some, but there were many knowing ones who, as it turned out, felt that the Pride of the Thames were much too good for any north county crew, consequently there were numberless takers. The Hammersmith were backed against the field in a few instances, and there were plenty who saw them, in their imagination, in the second place. The start was very singular, and such a one as we never saw before. Owing to the number of the boats they were nearly across the river, consequently, the word of command "off" did not reach Manchester and Hammersmith till four or five seconds had elapsed. The Pride of the Thames took it in an instant, and so lively were they, that although the water, as stated, moved slowly under them, they immediately crossed the bows of the Friendly Trial and Richmond crews, and went ahead of the Manchester men, thus, in a few seconds, getting into the second best station. Hammersmith, with their rapid strokes, were the next to make the rowing, and led Manchester well, there being about half a length between each to Finch's, where the north countrymen passed the Sandboys, and by very effective rowing left them a couple of lengths astern, gaining very fast upon the Wandsworth crew, with whom they became level, inside, after a quarter of a mile had been rowed. A spirited race followed for nearly four hundred yards, the Pride of the Thames leading by a foot or two all the way. At length, however, the superior strength of the Pride of the Thames began to tell upon their opponents, who commenced tailing at the High Bridge, and, being close in shore, with scarcely any tide under them, Hammersmith were coming up with them fast, but, getting their wash, and also being too close in shore, they did not reach them much till the Crab Tree was reached, when there was only a length between the crews, which was being shortened at every stroke, Hammersmith coming up as Manchester fell off, and bets freely laid on the former, who continued to gain for the next quarter of a mile, when they were on to Manchester's stern. For some strokes the north countrymen held their opponents, but it was no good; the plucky Sandboys answered nobly to the cheer of their little coxswain; they put on the steam as finely and as rapidly as at starting, their boat—turned out by Stephen Salter—floated over the surface of the water, and so gallant were their exertions that in the space of two hundred yards they had gone by their antagonist's boat and headed them by two clear lengths, also perilling the position of the Pride of the Thames, who passed under the middle arch of Hammersmith Bridge only a length and a half ahead of Hammersmith, who headed Manchester by three lengths; the latter, too, had so fallen off that Richmond were within two lengths of them, and they strenuously exerted themselves to gain the third prize, but were not able to achieve their object; they, however, succeeded in coming in within three lengths of the Manchester crew, who were thoroughly beaten. The plucky exertions of the Richmond crew were so great that the men, including Chambers, looked as though they would drop in their boat. Meanwhile the Pride of the Thames crew, finding themselves pressed at Hammersmith by the Sandboys, gained at every stroke, and reached the top of the Eyot four lengths ahead of Hammersmith, who beat Manchester by six lengths. The Pride of the Thames were not at all overcome by their exertions, and, after rowing to the steamers, amid loud acclamations, and smilingly thanking their friends for their congratulations, went home to Wandsworth at a slashing pace, presenting a fine picture of English strength and sinew. The winners rowed in a boat built by Stephen Salter, a fine specimen of the outrigger, and trained at Salter's, the Feathers, Wandsworth. The Manchester crew trained at Kirby's, the Red Lion, Putney, and their boat, much inferior to the others, was built by Matthew Taylor. The Richmond men rowed in an old boat turned out by Jewett of Dunstan, and also trained at the Feathers. We had forgotten to say that the Friendly Trial crew soon fell off. It may be remarked that the Pride of the Thames, the finest and fastest London four turned out for some time, won the race entirely on their merits; the rowing of the Teddington lads was much finer, although not stronger than that of White and Salter, whose strokes were not quite so steady as that of bow and stroke, despite which the rowing altogether was very rapid, strong and well taken. The Hammersmith men, who with great pluck year after year, although repeatedly beaten, still are never daunted, brought out a crew this season very little inferior to that of '57; their pace was very great, but not sufficient lasting power on the stroke. The style of Manchester presented a great contrast to all the others; as a crew they rowed like a machine—the same motion made by all at the same moment—but they rowed too shallow, never covering their blades, their boat did not carry them. The Richmond crew rowed very well, and so did the Boys, but superior strength threw them out. The steerage of all the boats was very bad, none being kept steady, and all being taken, after the old fashion, completely across the river at the Crab Tree, under the Surrey shore, although the small arch of Hammersmith Bridge was barred.

WEIGHTS OF THE CHAMPION CREW.

	st	lb		st	lb
1. G. Francis	10	4	4. G. Hammerton	9	4
2. S. Salter	10	11	J. Driver (cox)	8	0
3. T. White	11	2			

Time occupied in the race: From Putney to Hammersmith Bridge, 8 minutes, 35 seconds; from Putney to Chiswick Eyot, 18 minutes, 50 seconds.

Cherbourg.—Rowing Match between the French and English Crews.—A most interesting boat race for a purse of £20, given by the Emperor of the French, came off on Thursday, between the crews of two French men-of-war (the Bretagne and Eus) and the crew of the yacht Oissy, belonging to T. Dunn, Esq. The course was marked out in the outer harbor, the whole distance being twice round the course, and amounting to nearly four miles. Immediately after the start the superiority of the English stroke was apparent. The Oissy crew, though rowing with four oars against the French sixes, at once took the lead. Shortly afterwards, being somewhat uncertain of the course, they fell astern of the foremost French boat, and continued to pull in its wake for the remainder of the first round. After passing the winning point, however, the first time they again rowed ahead, and gradually increasing their distance during the rest of the course, won finally by nearly a quarter of a mile. Too much cannot be said in praise of the excellent style of pulling displayed by the crew of the Oissy.

Swimming at Liverpool.—Three young gentlemen, well known on 'Change at Liverpool, swam across the Mersey on Tuesday morning, from New Brighton to the North Docks. The distance, a mile and a half, was accomplished in 36 minutes. It was low water at the time, and, for fear of accidents, the swimmers were followed by a boat. The feat was no novelty to one of the gentlemen.

NEW YORK CLIPPER

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RIDING ON THE ROAD;

OR, A VISIT TO THE LADIES' EQUESTRIAN CONVENTION, UNION COURSE, SEPT. 8, 1858.

BY DEPPO.

Whisting by the fences,
Spinning by the trees,
Horses footing splendid,
Going at their ease
Cutting down the flyers,
Driving *a la mode*,
Bless me! this is pleasant
Riding on the road.

Here's a brush a coming,
The bay is in the lead—
No, the black has got him;
No, the bay's ahead!
Neck and neck they're footing,
Like a harness pair—
Hurrah! the black has beaten;
The bay is in the air!

Man with hired horses,
Pulling on the gad,
Hanging on the ribbons
Going it like mad;
Devil take the horses:
What are they to him?
He is bound to rush 'em,
Regardless of the tin.

Man, with country cousin,
Sitting by his side—
Eyes are glaring wildly,
Mouth is gaping wide.
"Oh! I cannot breathe air,
I can hardly talk;
Oh! for Heaven's sake, stop, sir,
I'll get out and walk."

Greenhorn in a carriage,
Weighs a thousand pounds—
Thinks he's got a trotter,
Thinks he's been the rounds;
Laying back and pulling
At a furious rate,
Certain that he's going,
At a 30 gait.

Old gent from the country,
Going at a funeral gait,
Knows there'll be a smash up,
Just as sure as fate.
Wonders at their hurry—
Thinks it's very plain,
If he's a judge of weather,
It isn't going to rain.

Driving to the Union,
Sponge the horse's mouth,
Take a little something,
To guard against the drouth.
Home again we're tooting,
Horses nearly blow'd;
Hurrah! we're on the pavement,
We're taking down the road.

Whizzing by the fences,
Spinning by the trees,
Horses footing splendid,
Going at their ease.
Cutting down the flyers,
Driving *a la mode*,
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the road.

THE TURF.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

BALTIMORE, Md......Central Course, Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, Oct. 11.
BROAD ROCK, Va.....Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Monday, Oct. 25.
COLUMBUS, Ga.......Chattahoochee Course, Fall Meeting, 5th Tuesday. Nov. 30.
GALLATIN, Tenn.... Jockey Club, Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, Sept. 13.
MEMPHIS, Tenn......Memphis Course, J. O., Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, Oct. 19.
MONTGOMERY, Ala...Carter Course, Fall Meeting, Tuesday, Nov. 16.
NEW ORLEANS, La....Metairie Course, Jockey Club Meeting, 1st Saturday, Jan. 8.
SAVANNAH, Ga......Ten Broeck Course, Annual Meeting, 1st Tuesday January 4.
ST. LOUIS, Mo... ...Abbey Course, Fall Races, 2d Tuesday, Sept. 14.

NOTICE.—We shall at all times feel greatly indebted to Racing Authorities, Proprietors of Race Tracks, &c., if they will take the trouble to forward us authentic returns of the meetings which may come off under their authority.

CRAB ORCHARD, KY., FALL RACES.—CONTINUED.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 25, 1858.—Purse $100; for all ages, club weights, two mile heats.

John Campbell's b h Jack Gamble, by Wagner, dam by imp Tranby, 6 yrs.......... 1 1
Alfred Boener's gr h Snowball, by Grey Eagle, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs.......... 2 2
John Kincaid jr's b b Jerry Boyle, by Zenith, 5 yrs.......... 4 3
James Ford's b f Laura Farris, by Cracker, dam by Lieut. Bassenger, 4 yrs.......... 3 4

	First heat.	Second heat.
Time of 1st mile	1:58	1:54
Time of 2d mile	1:53½	1:55
Total time.	3:51½	3:49

THURSDAY, Aug. 26.—Purse $150; for all ages, club weights, mile heats, best 3 in 5.

John Hunter's ch f Lia Morgan, by imp Glencoe, out of Blue Filly, by imp Hedgford, 4 yrs.......... 1 2 1 1
John Campbell's ch m Gentle Annie, by Oliver, out of Jack Gamble's dam, 5 yrs.......... 2 1 2 3
James Mayers' ch g by Cracker, dam by Bob Letcher, 4 yrs 3 3 3 2
Time, 1:54; 1:51½; 1:51; 1:56.

FRIDAY, Aug 27.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr olds, club weights. — subs. at $25 each, the proprietor of the springs, J. H. Caldwell, giving $100 in silver plate. Two mile heats.

F. G. Murphy's ch c Richmond, by imp Glencoe, dam by imp Tranby.......... walked over

SAME DAY.—Trial stake for 2 yr olds, to carry 3 year old weights. Seven subs. at $25 each, h ft, with a goblet worth $25 added. One mile.

Mr. Hurt's b f by Star Davis, out of the Theatress.......... 1
John Kincaid jr's ch f by Cracker, dam by Wagner.......... 2
M H Hill's ch c by imp. Belshazzar, dam by Frank.......... dis
Time, 1:58½. Threw his rider soon after the tap of the drum.

SAME DAY.—Purse $100; for all ages, club weights, mile heats.

James Ford's b g Catobem, by Boston, out of Miss Carlisle, 7 yrs.......... 3 2 1 1
A. S. Ferris's ch f Minnie O pedigree above, 4 yrs.......... 1 3 2 2
John Nevill's b c Jack Chinn, by imp Yorkshire, out of Nancy Pig, 4 yrs.......... 2 1 3 3
Time, 1:55½; 2:02; 2:06; 2:08.

SATURDAY, Aug. 28.—Purse $200; for all ages, club weights; the winner of the two mile purse to carry 7lbs. extra, and the winner of the mile day and best 3 in 5 to carry 5lbs. extra, or if one horse wins both to carry 7lbs. extra. Two mile heats.

John Campbell's b b Jack Gamble, by Wagner, dam by imp Tranby, 6 yrs (carried 7lbs. extra).......... 1 1
John Kincaid jr's b c Jerry Boyle, pedigree above, 4 yrs.... 4 2
Alfred Bonnor's gr h Snowball, pedigree above, 6 yrs.......... 2 3
James Moyer's b f Laura Farris, pedigree above, 4 yrs.......... 3 dist*
Time, 4:05½; 4:09. Track heavy from rain.

* Laura Farris fell and threw her rider in the second mile of the second heat, while running a good second to Jack Gamble.

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.—TROTTING.

THURSDAY, Sept. 9.—Purse $250; mile heats, best 3 in 5 to wagons.

J. McMann's g g Grey Eddy.......... 1 1
Mr. Lowell's b m Lady Woodruff.......... 0 2 dist.

	Time—First Heat.	Time—Second Heat.
Quarter	41	38
Half mile	1:22	1:19
Mile	2:46	2:37

JOHN MORRISSEY.

NOW TRAINING FOR THE FIGHT FOR THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

TUESDAY, Sept. 7.—Match $300; mile heats, best 3 in 5, to wagons.

D. Kebo's s g Express.......... 2 2 dist.
Mr. McRoberts b m Fancy Fern.......... 1 1 dist.

MONDAY, Sept. 6.—Match $500; mile heats, in harness.

Mr. McKeo's b g Westport.......... 1 1
H. Woodruff's g g Gray Eagle.......... 2 2
Time, 2:50½; 2:38.

TROTTING AND PACING AT VAN BRUNT'S HOTEL, CONEY ISLAND.

MONDAY, Sept. 6.—Match $1,000; three mile heats, to wagons.

J. H.'s b g Yankee Boy.......... Drawn.
W. R.'s b g Leon.......... Drawn.

TROTTING ON LONG ISLAND.

SUFFOLK COURSE, Wednesday, Sept 1.—Purse of $15; mile heats, in harness, best 3 in 5.

Samuel Jones' b g Farmer, 4 yrs.......... 1 1 1
D. W. Conklin's s g Sorrel Jim, 8 yrs.......... 3 2 2
O. Velser's br g Fremont, 4 yrs.......... 2 3 3
Time, 2:50; 2:46; 2:48.

TROTTING AT CHICAGO, ILL.

GARDEN CITY COURSE, Tuesday, Aug. 24.—Purse and Stake $400; mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

G. Abrem's b g Geo. Utley.......... 1 1 2 1
R Champlin's b g Dick Turpin.......... 2 3 1 2
G. Perrin's gr g Prince.......... 3 2 3 3
Time, 2:34; 2:38; 2:31½; 2:30.

MONDAY, Aug. 30.—Match for $500 a side; three mile heats, in harness.

G. W. Bidwell's g m Gipsy Queen.......... 2 1 1
O. W. Dimick's b g Ten Broeck.......... 1 2 2
Time, 8:21½; 8:17; 8:26.

TROTTING AT WATERTOWN, N. Y.

SATURDAY, Aug. 28.—Purse, mile heats, to wagons.

A. M. Herris's br m.......... 1 1
A. M. Peterson's gr m.......... 3 3
L. P. Dole's ch m.......... 2 2
Time, 3:05; 3:08.

TROTTING IN PITTSBURG.

COLLIN'S PARK, Saturday, Aug. 28—Match for $400; mile heats, best 3 in 5, go as they please, catch weights.

J. Watson's b m Fanny Robinson, trotter.......... 1 1 1
R. McCutcheon's g h Grey Bob, pacer.......... 2 2 2
Time, 2:30; 2:30; 2:31.

THURSDAY, Sept. 2.—A purse of $40; free for all horses, pacers, or trotters; two-mile heats to wagons, drivers to weigh 145 lb.

F. Laverty's s m Little Fanny, trotter.......... 1 1
J Watson's b b Donnybrook, trotter.......... 4 2
J. Jerome's s b Tom Waddle, pacer.......... 2 3
S. Beiller's b b Sam, trotter.......... 3 dist
Time, 3:10; 3:07.

TROTTING AT CINCINNATI, OHIO.

QUEEN CITY COURSE, Thursday, Aug. 19.—Double team match for $100, with —— added by the proprietor. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

Jas. Jockey's b m Julia Dean and ch m Dolly Speaker.... 2 1 2 1 1
E Smith's gr m Lady Gay and gr m Cincinnati Belle...... 1 2 1 2 2
Time, 2:05; 3:07; 3:00; 3:03½; 3:03½.

SATURDAY, Aug. 21.—Purse and stake $100; mile heats, best 3 in 5, to wagons.

R. Smith's wb g Rough and Ready.......... 1 1
H. Davis's bl g Nigger Sam.......... 2 dist.
J. Williams's b g Bob Ridley.......... 3 dr
E. Reilley's ch m Jenny.......... dr
Time, 3:07; 3:12.

PACING AT SENECA FALLS, N. Y.

THURSDAY, Aug. 12, 1858—Match against time for $20—to go three and a half miles in harness on the road in twelve minutes.

J. McCurdy's b. b. Moscow.......... won.
Time, 11:59½.

PACING AT UTICA, N. Y.

SATURDAY, Sept. 4.—Purse ——, mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Fanny Biggins.......... 1 1 1
Old Dad.......... 2 2 2
Sleepy Nelly.......... 3 dr
Time, 2:56; 3:04; 2:50

TROTTING AND PACING AT LOUISVILLE, KY.

SATURDAY, Aug. 21.—Pacing for ——; mile heats.

Mr. Kidd's Lightning.......... 1 1
Mr. Fusk's gr h Thunder.......... 2 2

SATURDAY, Aug. 28.—Pacing match for $300; mile heats.

Mr. Kidd's Lightning.......... 1 1
Mr. Fusk's gr b Thunder.......... 2 2
Time, 2:38; 2:37.

SAME DAY.—Match for $100 a side; one mile, in harness.

Mr. Townsend's gr g.......... 1
Mr. Huntsman's Spot Beauty.......... 2
Time, 3:33½.

TROTTING AT NASHVILLE, TENN.

TUESDAY, Aug. 17.—Match for $200 a side; mile heats, best 3 in 5. to harness.

[illegible]

POINT BREEZE PARK, Thursday, Sept. 2.—Purse $15; mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Geo A Negeel's gr g Frost, to wagon.......... 2 1 1 1
S Archer's b g Cooper Colt, in harness.......... 1 2 2 2
Time, 2:32½; 2:31; 2:40; 2:36.

TROTTING AT HUNTINGTON, LONG ISLAND.

WEDNESDAY, Sept 1, 1858.—Purse $15, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

Samuel Jones' b. g. Farmer, 4 yrs.......... 1 1 1
D. W. Conklin's ch. g. Sorrel Jim, 6 yrs.......... 3 2 2
O Velsor's br. g. Fromont, 4 yrs.......... 2 3 3
Time, 2:50; 2:46; 2:48.

TROTTING AT ST. LOUIS, MO.

SATURDAY, Aug. 28, 1858.—Purse $50, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

J. Rutherford's ch g Glancus.......... 1 2 3 1 1
Jerry Milspaugh's b. m Belle of the West.......... 2 1 1 2 2
P. McGivney's b. g Stranger.......... 3 3 2 dis.
Time, 2:38; 2:34; 2:31; 2:19; 2:40.

TROTTING AT KENOSHA, WIS.

A correspondent writes that a capital race came off on the Albany Track, Kenosha, on the 6th inst., between Mr. L. Utley's horse, Green Mountain Boy, and Mr. John Bush's horse, Bell Founder. The track, which is a new one, and the best in Wisconsin, is exactly half a mile around, and was in excellent condition for making fast time. We append a summary below of the race. Subsequently, Mr. Edward B's horse, Bullet, went around the track in the extraordinary time of 0 mins. 8 secs. Afterwards a race for $25 came off, and was won by Governor Troup's horse, in easy time.

SUMMARY.

SEPT. 6th, 1858.—Match for $100, mile heats, best 3 in 5, to harness.

W. L. Utleys named Green Mountain Boy.......... 1 1 1
John Bush named Bell Founder.......... 2 2 2
Time 2:53; 2:55; 2:42 KENOSHA BOY.

THE TURF AT CLEVELAND, OHIO.

FOREST GROVE COURSE.—Wednesday, Sept. 1, 1858.—Purse $20, inside stake $10, to first class pacing horses, mile heats, in harness, best 3 in 5.

J. Randerson's ro. g. Butcher Boy. Jno. Hopps.......... 1 1 2 1
J. Tod's ch. g. Frank Leslie. W. B. Sheldon.......... 2 2 1 2
Time, 2:48; 2:45; 2:45; 2:44.

SAME DAY.—Purse $10, to second class pacing horses, mile heats, in harness, best 3 in 5.

James Bennett's bl. g. Nigger Jim.......... 1 1 2 1
W. B. Sheldon's gr. g. Doylestown Gray.......... 1 2 2 dist*
Jno. Bennett's gr. m. Lady Kimkade.......... 2 dist
T. Russell's br. g. Thunder.......... dist
Nat. Newell's br. g. Jim Grimsham.......... dist
Time, 2:36; 2:34; 2:38; 4:30.

* Balked in the fourth heat.

THURSDAY, Sept. 2, 1858.—Purse $30, to stallions, mile heats, in harness, best 3 in 5.

A. L. Beache's bl. b. Godolphin. Jno. Hopps.......... 2 2 1 1 1
M. M. Spangler's b. g. Star of the West. A. H. Monroe. 1 1 2 2 dr†
Time, 2:38; 2:39; 3:03; 3:04; 3:07.

† Owing to the fact that this horse cut his feet very badly it was thought advisable to draw him. His time for the first heats will show his speed, and I assure you he has got the bottom.

SAME DAY.—Purse $20, for green trotting horses, mile heats, in harness, best 2 in 3.

J. R. Sanford's gr. g. Grey Rat. J. Hopps.......... 1 1
A. P. Leland's b g Honest Billy. C. Canfield.......... 2 dis
J. Healy's b. g. Shepherd. J. B. White.......... 3 2
Time, 3:10; 3:06.

Yours, ARTEMAS.

A PERILOUS RIDE.

As Mr. Bedell, of Elizabeth City, and Miss Harriet Randall, of Scotch Plain, were enjoying the pleasures of a horse-back ride, Miss R.'s horse became unmanageable, as they were passing through Cherry street, and went off with head-long speed, carrying his fair burden with him. The flying steed turned the corner of Cherry and Front street, where he took to the sidewalk, regardless of awnings and signboards, where we have no doubt the lady rider would have had her brains knocked out if she had not shown remarkable presence of mind in throwing herself flat upon his back. He still continued his mad career till he got opposite the stables of John W. Laring's hotel, where he made for the stable door that happened to be standing open, through which he dashed and into one of the stalls. Just as he was entering the door, Miss R. again threw herself flat upon him, and by that means passed through unharmed, and no doubt by her remarkable presence of mind escaped instant death. Miss R., by remarkable coolness in her trying situation, has shown herself to be a most expert horse-woman, and would no doubt take the first prize at any of our fairs for her superior horsemanship.—[*Plainfield Gazette.*

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1858.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ We receive many letters from correspondents with the request made to answer by mail. This we should be happy to do in all cases, could we spare the time; but we are unable to thus accommodate our friends, for the many calls made upon us, and the immense correspondence from all parts of the country we have to peruse and prepare for publication, etc., deters us from replying by mail, except where the urgency of the case prevents of any other mode. Those, therefore, who find their favors unanswered, as requested, through the post, will, we trust, pardon us for our seeming neglect, and accept this as our excuse.

☞ Since our last issue we have been absent from the city a few days, and have therefore been unable to attend to the many letters that have accumulated on our desk. All will be carefully read, and disposed of, before the next issue of the Clipper. We hope this will be deemed sufficient excuse for omissions, etc., in this number. Ample amends will be made next week.

Joseph C. Lyons, Iowa.—1. We can forward you the paper referred to for four cents, also a book giving considerable information for 12 cents. 2. A President, Vice President, and Secretary, are officers sufficient for a young club. Choose your most enthusiastic men, give them full power, and then "let her rip." 3. The most suitable uniform for cricket is white flannel shirt and pantaloons, with a neat pattered cap of the same material. 4. The stumps must be three in number, twenty-seven inches out of the ground, and the bails eight inches in length. 5. The ball should weigh not less than 5½ ounces, nor more than 5¾ ounces. It must measure not less than nine inches, nor more than nine inches and a quarter in circumference.

H. J. W., Lockport, N. Y.—1. There are many individuals who claim to have successfully performed the feat of walking one thousand miles in one thousand consecutive hours, yet there are very few of the number who have really and honestly accomplished this difficult and extraordinary feat. It is easier to say that such and such a one has performed it, than to do it, and that is why we have so many that lay claim to the honor. 2. We cannot state whether Mr. Weston has ever walked 105 consecutive hours or not.

J. L. B., Philad'a.—"What is the usual allowance made in rowing for a boat pulling a less number of oars than the rest, and does the amount vary with the distance rowed?"......According to the rules of the Boat Club Convention, twelve seconds an oar to four oared boats are allowed, for every oar above that number used by the others, on a course of three miles. See Putnam's Rowers' Manual, p. 124, on allowance of time.

Cricketer.—1. The number of runs made in the match "Eleven of New York Club vs. Sixteen of Newark," played on the 23d and 24th of June, was: New York, 46 and 91; Newark, 76 and 60, with 7 wickets to go down. 2. The highest score in one innings in a first class match, in America, was made by James Turner, at Camden, N. J., namely 120. 3. R. Jefferson, of the Newark Club, is an Englishman.

C. H. Boston, and Bruno.—We have answered your query of the proper treatment of mange in dogs almost weekly. Rub them well with a mixture composed of 1 pint fish oil, ½ pint spirits of turpentine and ½lb. of sulphur. Mix thoroughly before using, which must be done every other day. Give 1oz. of Epsom salts once a week.

D. Walker, St. Clair.—The dogs not having hold of each other, and it being agreed that in such a case an interval of two minutes should be had, Jack's party had a right to give their dog what they pleased, the other party having the same privilege, there being nothing in the articles to the contrary.

Harry the Younger.—"Can you furnish me with a portrait (colored) of Jno. Grindell, also one of Tom Sayers, and the price." ......We can send you a capital lithograph of Grindell for 50 cents. We do not know where a portrait of Tom Sayers can be purchased in New York.

A Reader, Albany.—1. See answer above to A. G. M. 2. Enquire of any bookseller. We believe the price is $1.25. 3. Get a common bag and fill it with hay. 4. Write to any gymnasium for the information.

T. Wallace Evens, N. Y.—We can furnish you with most of the numbers of the Clipper from the date you mention, at four cents per copy. There are probably six numbers which are all gone, and consequently we cannot supply them.

W. B. Packer, Sharon, O W.—The work to which you allude can not be had here, but one of equal value, with some later and more useful information, called "The Rower's Manual," can be forwarded to you for $1.

J. E. M., North Dorset.—We have nothing of the kind on hand, and at present cannot inform you where they may be had. If we ascertain, however, we will acquaint you with the fact.

Sinbad, Reading, Mass.—1. A. and B. win, as high *always* counts before low, consequently C. D. are "skunked." 2. The fare is one dollar, without sleeping berth, which is half a dollar.

Sporting Pete.—Yankee Sullivan was born at Bandon, near Cork, in 1813, and died in California, May 31, 1856. He fought Tom Hyer on February 7, 1849. He professed the Roman Catholic faith.

Clipper, Cincinnati.—Received one of the 14th ult. Can you not manage to give us the dates of the various events you are kind enough to forward us?

A. G. M.—We do not know where Indian clubs can be purchased. Can any of our readers inform us? To acquire a knowledge of their use, a teacher is not absolutely necessary.

H. Bray, England.—Arthur and Harry are among the distinguished arrivals. We are all in good health and spirits. Accept our thanks, and look for a letter soon. Pictures, etc., all safe.

No. 606, Boston.—According to the best modern authorities on whist, not less than four cards constitute a suit.

J. A., Hempstead, L. I.—The fight between Yankee Sullivan and Tom Hyer took place on the 7th of February, 1849.

[illegible], Newport, Ky.—See elsewhere. We will thank you for future scores of the shooting done by your club.

Amateur Cricketer, Boston.—A report of the match was already in type. Your attention is none the less appreciated, however.

☞ A large number of questions, which it was impossible for us to attend to this week, will be answered in our next without fail.

GREAT BILLIARD MATCH.

BARNEY OBRYSTAL VS. KAVANAGH.

A very large and respectable gathering of the knights of the cue, both amateurs and professionals, were present to witness the match between the above named scientific practitioners of the science, which took place on Tuesday, 7th inst., at the rooms of C. E. Bigelow, Nos. 48 and 50 East Thirty-second street, New York, for $100, on one of Phalen's model combination cushioned tables, manufactured by O'Connor and Collender. The game was commenced at about eight o'clock, by Mr. Obrystal pocketing his own ball, an example which was immediately followed by his opponent. Obrystal's first run was 23, followed by Mr. K. with a run of 11. The next important run was made by the latter for 66, taking the lead by about 40 points, although Obrystal soon reduced them to but 8 points, the string denoting 157 against 165. From this moment Obrystal took the lead, until he was 103 points ahead. Kavanagh, nothing daunted, however, soon brought him down from so high a point, reducing the odds to 24. With all his self-possession and brilliant play, however, he could not rub them off entirely, his opponent being finally hailed as the winner by 65 points. The game played was the four game, around the table, of 500 points, the ball to be holed but once off the spot. The winner played some very beautiful and stylish shots, and used a very great deal of judgment in nursing the balls. His opponent was as brilliant in style, but not quite so cautious, to which may be attributed in a measure his loss of the match. This defect he will doubtless soon remedy by practice, he being a much younger player than the victor of the evening.

Empire City Regatta.—This interesting aquatic event comes off on Thursday, the 16th inst., at Conrad's Park, Yorkville, on the Harlem River. There are four races, as the programme of the proceedings in the advertisement last week exhibited. We would advise all who can possibly attend, to do so, and witness the exciting contests between the crack oarsmen of New York, Boston, Springfield, Newburgh, &c. We hear that Daw is in active and steady training for the champion scull race, and that a new and beautiful boat, upon an entirely new model, has been built for him by Mr. George C. Newman, of Harlem, and which is anticipated to prove a remarkably fast one. We are also requested to state that parties from Newburgh, Boston, Springfield, or other places, intending to take part in the regatta, will be provided with accommodation for their boats in Mr. Newman's boat building yard, 119th street, East River.

Chess.—We learn by the *Ill. Lond. News*, that in the 1st round of the great Tournament at the Birmingham Congress, Messrs. Staunton, Lowenthal, Owen, St. Amant, Salmon, Falkbeer, Brien, and Smith were victors respectively vs. Messrs. Hughes, Kipping, Hampton, Beetlestone, Saabo, Ingleby, Bird, and Morphy; Mr. Morphy forfeiting his match by non attendance. In the 2d round, Messrs. Owen, Brien and Falkbeer had won of Messrs. Salmon, Smith and St Amant. Messrs. Staunton and Lowenthal formed the other pair, but had not finished at last advices. We are promised full particulars next week.

The Pacific.—We understand that it is the intention of the many friends of Captain James Farrish, of the "Pacific," now laid in dock at 489 Washington street, to give him a complimentary dinner on Thursday evening, 16th inst., on board his own craft, at the above address. We know Captain Farrish to be a straightforward, honorable man, and genuine sportsman, and shall avail ourselves of the opportunity thus afforded us being "on deck," and joining in this mark of expression of the general respect entertained for him by all who are acquainted with him.

EXTRA CLIPPER.

Pugilistic No. of the Championship Battle.

In view of the great interest manifested to learn the result and particulars of the coming battle between Morrissey and Heenan, for the American Championship, we are making arrangements for the publication of an

EXTRA CLIPPER,

Giving full particulars of the fight, and other matters of interest; full details of which, with price, time of publication, etc., will be made known in our next.

LADIES EQUESTRIAN CONVENTION.

The Ladies National Equestrian Convention, which for some time past has been brought so prominently before the notice of the public, and excited so much interest among those of the fair sex who possessed any equestrian abilities, came off on Wednesday, the 8th inst., on the Union Course, L. I. It was anticipated by many, even among those connected with the management, that, as a pecuniary speculation, it would prove a complete failure. The result, however, has shown that in that respect, at least, it has been most successful. There were upwards of four thousand persons assembled to witness it, as far as we could form an estimate, and the most sanguine of the projectors must have found the result exceed his expectations. The day was remarkably favorable, a fine breeze tempering the sun's rays. The Grand Stands were crowded, and a very large proportion of the fair sex were present; the assemblage, taken altogether, was a most respectable one. The Exercises were announced for 3 P. M., but it was nearly 5 o'clock before the cortege of fair horsewomen made its appearance, the toilettes of the ladies having been made at Snedicor's Hotel. The following is the list of entries, and the ladies were all distinguished by large silk badges bearing a number.

1..	Mrs. Ada Rolf	Newark, N. J.
2..	Miss Lydia Schultz	Dutchess County, N. Y.
3..	Miss Egbron	Hoboken, N. J.
4..	Miss Cooper	New Utrecht, L. I.
5..	Mrs Lawrence	New York city.
6..	(Di Vernon) Mrs. C. H. Cromwell	New York city.
7..	Ida Vernon (Bloomer) Middleton	New York city.
8..	(Miss Diana) Lydia Mario	New York city.
9..	Mrs. George Austin	New York city.
10..	(Del'e Terre) Miss C. H. Delafield	92 Spring street, N. Y.
11..	Mrs. Williams	Newtown, L. I.
12..	Mrs. Goldsmith	No. 66 West Eleventh street.
13..	Mrs. M. C. Smith	No 128 Crosby street.
14..	Mrs. Hill	No. 22 Lispenard street
15..	(Incognito)	
16..	Mrs. Church	Henry street, New York.
17..	Mrs. Cornell	New York.
18..	Miss Mount	Twelfth street, New York.
19..	(Incognito)	
20..	Miss Elizabeth Morey	Troy, New York.
21..	Mrs. Henry Judd	Watertown, Conn
22..	Mrs. Wilson	No. 128 Christopher street, New York.

As the cavalcade of ladies came riding up the Course, in their picturesque attire, their horses, as if conscious of their burden of beauty and elegance which they carried, proudly caracolling, the scene was beautiful in the extreme, exciting the universal acclamations and admiration of the spectators. It is not for us to describe the varied costumes of the Equestrians, but only the exercises which they exhibited. These commenced with a cavalcade of ladies, eight abreast, riding half way round the course, past the Judge's stand, and returning to the starting place near the south entrance. Afterwards came the *Fete de Manege*, in which the ladies *ought* to have ridden in turns past the judges, and thus singly and separately exhibited their skill and dexterity in the management of their steeds. This, however, they did not do, as the fair riders were apparently unwilling to submit to any control or obey the instructions of the managers in this respect, but persisted in riding up and down in defiance of all rules. Perhaps this originated from the circumstance of the track not being kept free from the irruptions of the spectators, who crowded the course in front of the judges' stand, and made it a matter of astonishment that no accidents occurred to themselves or the equestriennes. One man, indeed, was knocked down by No. 5, with her horse, who, finding that there were no attempts made to clear the track from the intruders, commenced along with No. 21 to do so with their horses, and in a great measure succeeded, though the latter lady, coming rather too roughly into collision with an irate spectator, had her bridle rein seized by him in a most ungallant manner. The crowd, however, taking the lady's part, released his hold, and he was unceremoniously ejected from the enclosure, for his unmanliness and brutality.

The only exciting proceeding in the affair, in the opinion of the assemblage, was the scrub race, (the hurdle race having been prohibited, and properly so, by the proprietors of the track, for fear of accidents). For this race about a dozen entered, the prize being a splendid silver mounted saddle, worth $100. This was a magnificent affair. The lead was taken by No. 21, and she gradually increased it till about half way round, when, holding in her horse, No. 2 crept up to her and an excellent struggle ensued. No. 21, however, increased her speed, and came past the judges' stand a full distance in advance, her features glowing with excitement, and her hair streaming in the breeze, her hat and plume having fallen from her head in the struggle. She was greeted with the repeated acclamations of the spectators for her excellent display of horsemanship.

The judges who acted on this occasion were John Clancy, William M. Tweed, R. C. Deming, Joseph Russell and E. C. Sedgwick, and the award of prizes was as follows:

The three prizes were, first, a magnificent grand eolian piano, worth $600, which has been for some time on exhibition in this city, and was much admired for its superb tone and excellence of finish.

The second was a salver, pitcher, and pair of goblets, of silver, richly chased, and of the most elegant antique design, valued at $300.

The third was a splendid gold watch, set with diamonds upon dark enamel, worth $200.

An additional fourth prize was also added to the lists, and consisted of a magnificently mounted ladies' saddle, worth $100.

The fortunate winner of the first prize was No. 5—a handsome lady, understood to be a Mrs. Lawrence of New York city.

The second prize was taken by No. 2, a pretty young lady from Red Hook, Dutchess county, named Miss Lydia Shultz.

The third was claimed by No. 18, Miss M. B. Smith, of 128 Christopher street, New York.

The fourth prize was gallantly won by No. 21, a young lady from Troy, named Miss Elizabeth Morey.

In conclusion, we will only remark, that there was a gross failure in the managers of this affair, in neglecting to provide for the efficient clearing of the course, and which detracted so much from its success. They announced that they would have an efficient and ample police force in attendance to keep order and enforce the regulations, but this they neglected to do, and hence the dissatisfaction caused. Indeed the real managers of the convention appear to have entirely neglected their duties, and the mismanagement which characterised this part will effectually prevent the success of another Ladies Equestrian Convention.

Death of Belcher Kay.—We regret to announce the death of Thomas Belcher Kay, which event took place on the 12th inst., at his residence in Gouch street, Boston, in the 47th year of his age. The immediate cause of his death was disease of the heart. As a pugilist and teacher of boxing Mr. Kay was well known and highly esteemed by all who knew him. While some of the daily press, both of his own and of this city, seize the occasion to speak harshly and unfeelingly of the dead, now that he is passed away from among us, we are gratified to see one journal, at least, expressing sentiments more in harmony with the spirit of Christian charity, and which redound to its honor. The Boston *Herald* of the 13th, thus announces the death of poor Belcher Kay:

"Yesterday noon, at his residence in this city, Mr. T. Belcher Kay released his hold of things terrestrial, bidding adieu to earth for our common resting place. He passed away easily and in full possession of all his senses, released from the fetters of a severe and protracted illness. Mr. Kay was well known in this city as a teacher of athletic sports, and more especially as an instructor in the manly art of self-defence. His merits in this capacity were held in high repute, and his school was patronized by many of our first citizens. In person, the deceased was of a fine, commanding figure, and a noticeable man; in his manner, affable and kindly; in his disposition, charitable and kindly to those with whom he was brought in contact and whom he respected. By the general public he was classed as a 'sporting man,' and all the vices which we are too willing to ascribe to that class were visited upon him, ungenerously and unreasonably—for those who knew him best say that his later life was devoted to earnest endeavor to retrieve the errors of the past and secure the well deserved good opinion of his friends and the community in which he dwelt. In thus briefly noticing the decease of Mr. Kay, whose faults it must be admitted, were many, we are actuated only by a desire that justice may be done his memory—for 'men's good deeds are written in sand; his bad engraved on brass.' Mr. Kay was an Englishman by birth, and at the time of his death in his 47th year."

SPARRING.

Young Barney Aaron's Testimonial.—On Tuesday evening, the 7th inst., the Worth Head Quarters, No. 22 White street, was filled to its utmost by one of the most heterogeneous audiences we have seen for some time. The merchant and mechanic were commingled with the "old salt" and longshoreman, each one vociferously exercising their lungs, when there was occasion for it, to the best advantage. A year or two ago, it was necessary to post the flaming "yaller" bills in all the lower wards and porter-houses, to secure even a moderate attendance, and the audience was composed of the rougher class of men, and nine-tenths of them natives of other climes—while now, it is only required to be noticed the previous week in our journal, (when the recipient is really deserving,) and the admirers of the sport assemble in such masses as to astonish the outside barbarians, or uninitiated ones, many of whom may be observed on all such occasions, passing and repassing the hall, eagerly listening and devouring all the remarks of the boys, in order to ascertain the cause of such great gatherings. At first they appear shy of entering, supposing that none but the most vicious participate in amusements of this kind, but as their curiosity becomes worked up, they resolve to go in, any how, and giving their hat an extra twitch, *a la* Moses Humphreys, deceased, boldly enter. The ice now broken, they find everything just the reverse of what they expected, and instead of the room being monopolized by a gang of half-grown "corner" ruffians, (one of the most abominable nuisances, by the way, to which we are obliged to put up with,) are to be found the most courteous and accommodating body of men possible, where only the "sterner sex" are allowed to participate in. Enter into conversation with whom you may; ask any questions, no matter how trivial they may be, concerning the particular stars of the evening, or sporting matters generally, and you are answered in a more courteous and willing manner than is ever seen elsewhere. Here, everybody is on a par; there is no distinction whatever, and there is *less* reason to fear personal violence, if a stranger, than in the most fastidious ball room! This may appear to many a rather broad assertion, but we are ready and capable of proving it from our own personal observation, having attended nearly all these re-unions for the past five years, and never witnessing a free fight. So, don't ever let fear of bodily harm keep any one away hereafter.

The *beneficiare*, young Barney Aaron, of London, is one of the most gallant and dare-devil little "pugs" to be found on this side sun down, both on account of the manly, straightforward manner in which he has always acted, and his scientific abilities as a boxer. He has always proved himself a "noble son of an illustrious sire," and, we trust, always will. We have had occasion to use his name, perhaps, more than any single member of the fraternity, considering the time he has been among us, but never, to his honor be it said, with discredit to himself or the profession. This is the more remarkable when we notice how the majority of pugilists have acted in most matches, keeping up a running fire of acrostic and wordy roar for months, and then having it end in *smoke!* Although some dissatisfaction occurred, in regard to the presentation of the watch, to which we refer below, it was no fault of his, the truth of which every body but the growlers will admit. A short synopsis of his doings may prove acceptable here. In the space of two years he has fought three determined battles, winning all, and in the whole three not receiving as much punishment as he administered to any single one of his opponents. It is not his fault that the number has not been a dozen, instead of three, for he has issued challenges time and again, and accepted all that were directed at him, but the parties have always sneaked out when they saw he meant *fight* instead of notoriety. His maiden fight was with Johnny Robinson, at Riker's Island, on the 9th July, 1856, for $200, lasting 3 hours and 15 minutes, and 61 rounds. The second, Bill Evans, at New Orleans, 12th April, 1857, for $500, lasting only 15 minutes, and 11 rounds. The third, Johnny Monaghan, at Providence, Sept. 28th, 1857, for $200, lasting 6 hours and 22 minutes, and 80 rounds. With these few remarks, as the parsons say, we will proceed to the evening's exercises. *Phil up! Phil up!* acted as master of ceremonies, and filled it admirably, always pronouncing the names distinct and forcibly. The matches were nearly in the order as given:

1. Johnny Williams and Young Sullivan.—A regular botch on Sullivan's part, who kept his two arms in front of his head all the while, not knowing how to use them in either hitting or stopping, occasionally lunging slowly out in the direction of Johnny, but never got within a foot of his object. He was beaten at all points, and Johnny gave him some telling cross-counters and ugly upper-cuts, which soon made him glad to *vamose.* Williams is a game, determined little fellow, and we regret he was not better matched.

2. Scotty and Dan Kerrigan.—"Still again," together, eh? Well, as it's done, we will make a few remarks, although by referring to late exhibitions, can be found our opinion time and again. They are always one of the principal attractions, on account of being so equally matched, and will prove a good card to those who never had the opportunity of seeing these two game cocks paired. On this occasion, however, Scotty used his left admirably in a one-two, and sometimes one-two-threes, without drawing back his arm at all; but these blows don't tell, for Dan generally hold his mug out to receive them, to get in his favorite right handed ribbers. On several occasions, Dan got on to his whistle-box, by feinting with the left at the head, and when the Scot's arm went up there, giving a sly poke at the exposed part, which caused considerable merriment. He is decidedly the handiest in stopping and putting in body blows, while Scotty excels in planting facers. They both gave universal satisfaction.

3. Mike Smith and Sam Freeman.—Here the black was decidedly overmatched in height, weight, and strength, Mike standing full two inches over him; while his remarkable reach kept Sam away at outfighting. In close quarters, however, he got in some very fine hits, but was bored to the corners by Mike's superior strength. Twice his "dignity" saluted the boards, but he was up like a squirrel, and at him again. His perseverance in rallying Smith was loudly cheered, and his stopping, as usual, "up to the handle." With such a man Sam wanted more space to get away; but Mike took no unfair advantage, and won golden opinions by refraining from doing so.

4. Morris Leonard and Tim Macarty.—The little bantam, Leonard, is getting quite a favorite by his unassuming manners, and scientific skill. Although it was "a horse to a hen" in respect to size, Tim being a large, square built young man, the little one shone to a great advantage. He has a peculiar way of drawing his man out, giving a one-two, and getting out of trouble with the greatest ease. On two occasions, as Tim was gently swinging his arms backwards and forwards, and just as the left was moving, Morris sent in two straight 'uns on the snorter, making no attempt either to stop or to get back, although we expected Tim would have countered him severely. There is a way, and few there be who know it, to get your opponent in such a fix that you can get at least one good one in, without any fear of a return, no matter how near he may be. Leonard appears to study out his plans, and succeeds in all he undertakes. Macarty is excellent at hand-to-hand encounters, willing to stand up to it, and give and take, but dodgery is a stranger to him, nor does he like it.

5. Barney Aaron and his brother, Phil up! This was intended as his initiation amongst the natives, for he has recently arrived "all the way from London," and Barney, for this reason, "let up" on him a little, giving him a fine chance to show his abilities. His principal *forte* is upper cuts, and he was quite lavish in trying them on Barney, but he declined having anything to do with them, jumping gracefully away from all. He gave Barney several sloggers on the mazzard, which made his ivories rattle, but he only laughed at it, and went to challenging him for his audacity in striking his big brother. We hope to see *Phil up!* at other benefits, and with other opponents, and our word for it, we shall soon find him a "chip of the old block," too.

6. Charley Fagan and Johnny Williams.—Evidently Fagan intended taking Johnny by storm, and at once commenced the driving system. Two wicked left-handers were sent in before Johnny had time to shake himself together, but they roused him up, and afterwards he gave hit for hit. As they rushed at each other and met, the countering was very heavy; by the concussion each was sent back to the edge of the stage. It was a mimic battle, and delighted the milling coves. Both appear to be made of the true metal, and will yet trouble some of the more notorious.

7. Sam Freeman and Jack Heffernan.—Both stripped to the buff, if the term may be applied to Sam. By the way, we were surprised to see how fleshy Freeman looked, expecting a delicate, effeminate form, but found it quite the reverse. He has very square set shoulders, a tapering waist, and his arms and body are all muscle, scarcely any flesh being visible. Heffernan is not the gent we had occasion to criticise a short time ago, but a fine, active young man, very near the height and build of Freeman; he has also much of Sam's style, and uses his limbs very cleverly in getting away. Sometimes, however, he hit very wild, striking when Sam was no where near him. In the second exchange Freeman set his "lager" running.

8. Johnny Roche and Johnny Aaron.—Of course this was the *coup d'etat* of all the previous ones—the two Johnnies working hard for supremacy. We thought Roche was a little too fond of hugging, when they closed, whether purposely or not we cannot say, but it very much shortened the rounds, although Aaron was for prolonging them. He also was the first to retire.

9. Tom Mack and Jem Sage.—Quite a desirable improvement was noticed by all in Tom; he never once looked down at his feet after striking—a habit of late which he has contracted, but for what benefit we cannot divine, unless it is to save himself, for they consider him off his guard, when he is contemplating the nature of the wood he is standing on, and refuse to strike. He has another peculiarity now, though; the "drop" game—letting the gloves fall off his hands after getting his "double" in, and just as the receipt is coming *for* that "double" if the "kids" could keep them on, surely Tom might for there were not a dozen men of his size in the room. Any way, he was superior to Jem in every respect, height, weight, age, and reach, who couldn't get at his face, and had to content himself with the mark and ribs, getting in some very neat blows, but he caught some ugly facers, which made him stagger.

Before the wind-up, young Barney made a few remarks concerning the presentation of the watch, (a handsome double case silver lever) stating that the gentleman whom he expected to act as referee, was not present, and he appealed to the audience as to who was entitled to the watch. Immediately a confusion of names worse than Old Babel, were yelled out by their respective friends all at one time, some roaring one and some another: "Roche!" "Aaron!" "Freeman!" "Smith!" "Macarty!" and a dozen others were proposed. All kinds of amusing remarks were made, and Saxter Howe wanted the watch taken apart and divided equally, which at first seemed the only way to satisfy some of the most boisterous. After some little time order was restored, and two "gents" in the boxes were chosen to name and decide between two men of those proposed, who should spar for it, and the best one receive it. Johnny Roche and Aaron were selected.

The gallant Barney then announced that there had been talk of a match between Scotty, of Brooklyn, and himself for $300, to come off in the same ring as Heenan and Morrissey, and as Scotty could not come to his weight to accommodate him, he would fight at catch weight. The arrangements were to have been made on Wednesday evening last. He also gave out the following spunky challenge:—"I will fight any man in the world at 120, 122, 124, or 126 lbs., for from $500 to $1,000, and bar no body, neither country or color."

10. Young Barney and Dan Kerrigan.—The "Star of the East" now put on his fighting look, and commenced the assault. His position seems very careless, holding both hands low down near his sides, and exposing his face. "But what of that?" If he held his arms behind his back they would reach to defend his castle, when any signs were made to attack it. Je-*ru*-salem! what lightning passes he made. Dan was hit three times quicker than a postman could give three raps on a door knocker, and the whole three appeared to sound like one blow. Sometimes Dan would give a few good solid cracks, when Barney would stop for a second, in order to realise it, then jump up at him, and hit away when off the boards. He slashed away with the greatest *sang froid* we ever saw. The cheering was delirious, and many a husky voice and sore throat will be attributed to this last exhibition. Barney, you're a "bully" boy, and long may you flourish!

Now came the finishing touch of the whole proceedings, and the most important, namely: the contest for the watch by Johnny Roche and Johnny Aaron. When they appeared there was more grumbling, the friends of the other men still sticking out for them. Among the principal ones were Mike Smith and Sam Freeman, who declined contesting for it. As Mike Smith was a giant alongside either of the Johnnies, and as the prize was for the most scientific sparrer not the *strongest man*, no other course was left but for those above named to contend for it. Mike Smith was not the best sparrer by any means. One of the sparrers said it was a *sol* thing, but this we emphatically deny, for Barney has a reputation for "squareness" which it would be well for some of the dissatisfied to imitate. As far as he was concerned, he wanted to see the best man win it. If he had the saying who should have it himself, there might have been some reason for complaint, but when the judges were chosen, the matter went out of his hands entirely! As we have explained satisfactorily the whole proceedings, we will now turn to the set-to. Aaron was no sooner in position than he delivered his left on the forehead, the return slipping over his head. He repeated it twice. Again, he got in a one, two, and easily got away. After this Roche had the advantage for a while, getting in perhaps more blows, but they were very light, and Aaron didn't try to stop. All who have ever seen Roche spar know well that he does it on the defensive, scarcely ever leading off, unless he has it his own way, and depends on countering. We have no fault to find with this, but when a man leads off *all the time*, as Aaron always does, no matter who he may be opposed to, and exposes himself to the counter, which, when properly delivered, is of the most telling description, some allowance should be made. As they didn't spar over seven or eight minutes, there was no opportunity to tell the merits or particular points of the men. On such occasions where prizes are given, either a glove fight, barring the wrestling, or, at least a dozen rounds should be contested, and then the audience might form an opinion. See to this hereafter. Both Johnnies are the best of friends, and anything said in malice would be accepted as referring to both, and therefore Roche will admit that it might have been managed much better—the latter part of it, any how. Johnny Aaron, also, was one of the parties "up," when Roche presented a set of gloves and a silver cup, but he respectfully declined against the wishes of his friends. Of course, two couldn't have it, but Aaron has lost nothing as a sparrer, although he lost the watch. On the two gentlemen being consulted as to who had won it, for a minute or so no answer was given, when a big longshoreman at the other end took advantage of the silence, and yelled out: "Roche!" Instantly the crowd took it up, and Roche was the battle cry. Having been so long a resident of this city, and a great favorite, he always carries the crowd, while Johnny Aaron, around there, at least, is, comparatively speaking unknown. We should like to know, however, what right *he* had to act as referee, when two gentlemen were expressly selected for that purpose! Will the boatman define his position? NED JAMES.

N. B.—The watch was subsequently presented to Johnny Aaron by his friend Roche.

Johnny Aaron takes a benefit at Harry Jennings', 49 Madison street, on Tuesday fortnight, September 28th, on which occasion the following talented professors will be there, positively:—Young Barney Aaron, Johnny Roche, Sam Freeman, Dan Kerrigan, Tom Mack, Dick Shay, Johnny Williams, Tim McCarty, Fourth Ward Scotty, and a host of others. A well known amateur will appear for the first time on that evening. The wind-up will be between Young Barney Aaron and Johnny Aaron, which alone will be well worth the price of admission. As this will be the last and only chance of Young Barney's appearance before his fight with Scotty, of Brooklyn, every one should avail themselves of the opportunity of seeing this gallant little pugilist. Give Johnny a bumper, for he is one of the best natured and worthy young men to be found.

Sam Freeman's Benefit.—Owing to the pressure of matter, a report of this affair which came off on Monday evening last, is postponed until next week.

Johnny Maguire, who fought Jemmy Traleer, Owen Owens, Young Couge, and several others, in England, will shortly give a sparring exhibition in Sarsfield Hall, Hudson avenue, Brooklyn. Johnny is at present stopping at the house of Barey Gribbin, in Brooklyn.

Old Tovee on his Travels.—We were almost giving up our old friend Tovee for lost, having heard nothing from him since he left here, several weeks ago, when we received a letter last week, stating that the old gentleman was then in Detroit, where he was to give an exhibition on the 11th instant at the Central American Hall, and at which Johnny Mackey, Mr. McCann, Lazarus and son, Gore and others were to take part. Mr. Tovee gave an exhibition at Dudley Hall, Buffalo, on the 30th ultimo, at which the boys turned out to spar, but "the Professor," who had agreed to wind up with him, absented himself, and, the night being rainy, the receipts were not much. The principal boxers were John Bloomer and Jem Riley, Johnny Lazarus and Young Riley; Young Churchill and Joh Lozeva. Izzy Lazarus kindly volunteered to wind up with Old Tovee, but Lazarus was too much for the old man, and he was twice floored, but got up again as lively as a kitten. Next came a call for Lazarus and Churchill, when they went to work and had a regular glove fight at it, when they were separated, both rather dissatisfied.

A New Feature.—Our Cincinnati friends have suggested to the various managers of the county fairs, now being arranged in Ohio, the propriety of offering premiums for ball playing.

Swimming Extraordinary.—A young gentleman by the name of Ludris, a German by birth now residing at Hofer's Hotel, Hoboken, swam across the North River from the baths at Hoboken to Chambers street and back in the short space of one hour, on Sunday, 12th inst., for a wager of $75. On the day previous he swam from the same place to the battery. Have we any young men among us who can beat this? The time appears extraordinary; surely there must have been some discrepancy between the time-keepers.

American Horses in England.—An article on this subject, from Macon, Georgia, correspondent, will appear next week. Also, articles from Detroit, on duck, woodcock, snipe shooting, etc.

Holloway's Pills.—These pills alone, among all the medicines in existence, possess the property of cleansing and regulating the bowels and purifying the animal fluids without depressing either body or mind. Sold at 80 Maiden Lane, New York.

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